

Pagimon

by StarKitty

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Summary: What's so cute about those furry little Pagimon heroes, anyway? Lois finds her answer after a brief and unusual encounter with the little guys.

Pagimon

I came up with this after being forced by my younger brothers to watch that terrifying show (you know the one!) day after day as I got ready for work. Please don't hold it against me :)

Disclaimer: I own nothing, DC comics and December 3rd productions own everything. Please don't sue me, I have no money. _____

Pagimon _____

Lois Lane typed in the last few sentences and hit the save button. There, the story was done. Maybe Perry'd assign her to something more interesting than some kiddie craze. Pagimon! Who thought up these things, anyway! What kind of demented mind could possibly think up little furry creatures that went around saying nothing but their own names as they battled the forces of darkness? And those forces of darkness! If only she and Clark had to fight villains like that! What was that line the enemies were always saying when they appeared on the scene? Oh, yeah, it was "Prepare for hardship, and make it a partnership" or something silly like that. They were total incompetents, and it didn't help that they were always coming up with great plans to beat the Pagimon heroes that were incredibly stupid, either. And those Pagimon heroes! Bumbling and incompetent only began to describe them!

Oh, did her head ache, though! She rifled through the drawers of her desk, hoping she hadn't run out of headache pills. After a moment, she found the bottle--empty, just like she'd thought it would be. Well, maybe if she rested her eyes for a moment the headache would go away. She closed her eyes and leaned her head against her hands. Just

for a moment, she thought.

"Earth to Lois," a familiar voice said. Lois jumped and looked up into the handsome features of her partner and fianc , Clark Kent. He smiled down at her. "It's time to go home."

"Thanks, Clark," she smiled back at him.

She shut down her computer and gathered her things before heading over to the elevators with Clark. As she did so, she thought she caught a glimpse of something furry and yellow under the coffee station.

"What was that?" she asked.

"What was what?" Clark, already on the ramp, turned to look back at her.

Lois bent down to look beneath the table. A small, hideously familiar fuzzy yellow creatures came into view. Its back was to her, but as she watched it slowly turned towards her. She gasped as its face came into view--a face that was all too familiar.

"Lex-a-chu!" the creature chirped.

"Noooooooo!" Lois screamed.

Lois sat upright in her recliner and gasped, looking around the room frantically. It had been a dream! Just a horrible nightmare! She signed and leaned back again. She took a deep breath to slow her pounding heart and glanced down at her abdomen. That, of course, was the reason for her mid-day nap and the reason for her nightmare about those horrid little fuzzy creatures. She was eight months pregnant with twins and already she was receiving advertisements for children's toys, including the dreaded Pagimon.

A whoosh and a sudden breeze announced the arrival of her husband. Clark Kent, clad in his blue red and yellow uniform, looked down at her with an expression of concern. "Are you all right, honey?"

She took another deep breath before responding. "I'm fine, Clark. It was just a dream."

"Are you sure?"

Lois nodded, then gestured at the box he was holding in his right hand, hoping to distract him. "What's that?"

"What? Oh," Clark looked at the box and grinned. "Your mother sent it as a gift for the babies. She really seems to be looking forward to being a grandmother. I was on my way home when I heard you scream."

"Yes, well," Lois shifted uncomfortably in her recliner. Visions of the toys her mother might send her for the twins filled her mind, none of them very exciting. "What is it?"

Her husband started to turn the box. As Lois caught sight of the logo on the side she gulped and as the front of the box came into view she paled.

"Aaah!" Lois pushed herself awkwardly out of her chair and ran . . . well, waddled, away from Clark and the horrible box and its contents as quickly as she could.

Clark looked after her blankly, then looked at the box with a puzzled air. What could Lois possibly have against something as cute as the Pagimon?

The end

End
file.